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More Than One Way to Fly

by bexara

Summary

He starts noticing all these little things about Hintata that make his stomach do that twisty, knotty thing again. Like how Hinata's wayward hair won't stay flat at all, even soaked with sweat. Like how small his hands look holding the ball but how larger than life he seems when he's flying through the air to meet a toss. Like how quick he is to anger, especially when talking to Kageyama, but how he's even quicker to smile.

Like how that smile lights up his whole damn face.

Notes

Still working on this writer's block, so trying a different fandom. Been reading Haikyuu! since the oneshot in Jump and have loved it from day one. I hope the anime will give us a bigger fandom. Sorry if it's rough. First time writing for them & doing it in the middle of a block probably wasn't the best plan.

"He's an idiot."

Tsukishima's unflattering words are directed toward the center of the court. Hinata stands in front of Nishinoya, jumping up and down, stars in his eyes and screeching excitedly in some indecipherable language only that Inuoka guy from Nekoma has ever been able to truly

understand.

Watching the spectacle, Kageyama can only nod, even though the idea of being on the same page with Tsukishima on anything kind of pisses him off and he wants to disagree on principle but can't because, let's face it, Hinata *is* an idiot. Turning away, he heads for the ball he's been practicing with, extraneous thoughts already fading, focus turning to his upcoming serve, but Suga's voice suddenly intrudes,keeping him from totally getting into the zone.

"Yeah, but the cute ones usually are," Suaga chuckles.

"Are usually what?" Tsukishima asks sounding as confused as Kageyama feels.

Another laugh from Suga "Idiots."

Tsukishima snorts."You think Hinata is cute?'

"Don't you?" It's scary how serious Suga sounds at that moment.

Instead of answering, Tsukishima emits a noise like he's swallowed a bug and the insect has decided to lodge itself firmly in his throat.

Against his will, Kageyama glances back at Hinata, now trying out the receive Nishinoya has just shown him only to have the ball bounce off his arms and smack him in the face, and mutters in disbelief, "*That* clumsy shit bastard is cute?"

Overly excitable, graced with an athletic gift Kageyama himself envies but beyond sucky at the fundamentals. Too emotional, too loud, and yet more determined than anyone Kageyama has ever met to cling to the possibility of victory, no matter how remote. Hinata is all of things and, of course an idiot, but cute? Maybe Suga needs his eyes checked. Kageyama would suggest it but for some reason people always take offense when he offers well-meaning advice.

"What did you say, Kageyama?"

He jerks his head up to see Suga looking at him curiously. Apparently his mumbling has been overheard. Feeling a bit foolish to have been caught talking to himself, and about Hinata of all people, Kageyama flushes. "Ah, nothing. Just trying to calculate the trajectory of this serve I'm working on."

"Don't hurt yourself," Tsukishima smirks at him, evidently relieved of his prior malady, "the King's bad with math after all."

Dammit, he doesn't like that bastard. One of these days he really is going to drive the ball into that smug face and knock those annoying glasses off. Kageyama glares at Tsukishima, imagining the satisfaction he'll feel when that time comes, but manages to hold his tongue because Daichi looks their way. It's not that he is actually *scared* of the captain, but simply feels it prudent not to do anything to incur Daichi's wrath. The captain's threat at the beginning of the term has stuck with him all this time. He's a setter, that's all there is to it, and he won't do anything to jeopardize his place on the team. At least not where Daichi can see it.

Annoyed, he goes back to his serve, but before he can start, Hinata's happy laughter floats over him, drawing Kagaeyama's gaze back to the middle of the court. He's apparently dived for the ball and missed because he lays curled ass over end on the floor while the ball rolls past him. What the hell is funny about that? Kageyama wants to smack him upside the head for being so inept, can actually feel his hands curling into fists with the need he experiences at least twenty times a day or more. Nishinoya laughs, too, extending a hand to help him up. They start talking, and though Kageyama can't make out the conversation, he can still hear Hinata's voice babbling

away.

It is high-pitched, kind of sweet, almost like a girl's but with just enough masculine cadence to let you know that, no, it really is a guy speaking. He has to wonder if Hianata has actually gone through puberty yet, with a voice like that. If he has, he certainly hasn't experienced a growth spurt to go with it, Kageyama eyes his teammate critically, taking in Hinata's short but muscular legs. Maybe that's why Suga thinks he's cute, because he's so tiny. Though there is a great deal of explosive power packed in such small body, and *oh god what the hell is he thinking about?! Hinata and puberty?!*

Feeling a little ill, he forcibly shoves his disturbing thoughts about Hinata away—damn Suga for starting it all with that cute comment.

Too bad the thoughts don't stay gone.

The next day, Kageyama strides across the gym, trying without much success to ignore the boy clinging like a limpet to the back of his jersey. Hinata's sneakers make an unpleasant shrill as Kageyama's long legs drag him along. His tone is almost as piercing.

"Toss to me, Kageyama. C'mon, just one toss. Pleeeease!"

"I said I'm practicing with Asahi-san. I'll toss to you later!"

"But I want to hit the ball now! Just one toss. Asahi-san won't mind."

"That's not the point, stupid. Go work on your shitty receives some more and I'll come get you when I finish with Asahi-san."

"Nooo!" Hinata's tightens his grip.

Fed up, Kageyama reaches back, grabbing Hinata's arms. Exerting a little force—it doesn't take much because Hinata weighs about as much as the baby crow he seems to be during his amazing jumps through the air—Kageyama flips the shorter boy up over his head. Naturally, Hinata lands gracefully on his feet instead of on his butt where Kageyama had wanted to put him. Irritated, Kageyama grabs those small shoulders and spins Hinata around to face him.

"I said I will practice with you later, goddammit!" Kageyama's fingers dig into the hard ropes of Hinata's upper arms and yank him forward, bringing him up on his toes. "You're starting to piss me off."

Hinata blinks up at him. "But you're always pissed off."

Temper snapping, Kageyama bends down. He has a little over half a foot on his teammate, but since Hinata is more or less dangling from his hands, he only has to lean over about four inches to stare into wide, brown eyes.

"Have you ever thought that maybe you're the reason I'm always pissed off?"

The little shit has the gall to actually laugh and wave a dismissive hand at him. "Nah, I'm pretty sure you were just born that way."

That does it. He pushes his face into Hinata's. His expression must be something because Hinata's smile immediately fades and he actually pales, adam's apple bobbing violently as he swallows hard.

"I swear I'm going to—

The threat remains unvoiced. Hinata licks his lips nervously, drawing Kageyama's attention there, and suddenly he just can't remember what he wants to say. They've been this close a thousand times, had more fights and arguments than he can count, but suddenly it is like he's seeing Hinata for the first time.

Have Hinata's eyes always been that big? They practically swallow his face. Deep brown eyes that, from this close up, Kageyama can see actually have flecks of gold in them, surrounded by spiky orange lashes and topped off with thin, arching eyebrows Kageyama's own mother would kill for. In contrast, his nose is petite and pert and tilted just a little upward at the end. The whole package is framed by the kind of small, triangular face that people wouldn't necessarily call attractive but definitely cu—

His own black eyes widening in horror, Kageyama shoves Hinata away, stumbling backward as puts some space between them. His stomach cramps and his palms started to sweat. He rubs them on his jersey, trying desperately to avoid the incontrovertible truth that, for a fraction of a second, he'd thought that Hinata was *cute*.

It has to be Suga's words from the day before. Kageyama wants to believe that. His subconscious has simply been influenced by his senpai's thoughtless remarks. Yeah, that has to be it.

But as Hinata hides behind Tanaka, peeking around the older boy's shoulder as he starts in on them about fighting again, Kageyama has the sinking feeling there is nothing simple about the situation at all.

Over the days that follow, Suga's words become Kageyama's curse.

He finds himself sneaking looks at Hinata, sometimes flat out staring. They aren't in the same class, yet he and Hinata somehow always end up together during their breaks between periods. Lunch, too. Like there's some kind of invisible tether that links the two of them, inexplicably drawing one to where the other is. Kageyama doesn't really understand it, and doesn't exactly know what Hinata is to him—friend, teammate, partner, pain-in-the-ass—but he doesn't hate the fact that they spend so much time together. He's been by himself for so long that having someone actually beside him feels better than it probably really should; even someone like Hinata who has a knack for making him so crazy mad he can't see straight. Or maybe it's because it *is* Hinata that it feels so comfortable. Not that he will ever dare admit such a thing to another living soul.

He's staring now, unaware he's doing it until Hinata frowns at him.

"I'm not giving you any," Hinata grabs the bento he's been shoving enthusiastically into his mouth and puts it behind his back.

Well, shit, that's embarrassing. Embarrassing that he's been caught, embarrassing that he's staring in the first place.

"You eat like a little kid," he sneers to cover his discomfort.

Hinata scowls at him. "What'dya say?"

"I said you eat like a five-year old. Just look at you, you have rice all over your face."

Which he does, and Kageyama is glad for the convenient excuse.

Cheeks pinkening, Hinata swipes at the area around his mouth. “Shut up!”

Kageyama just laughs at him, relieved by the normalcy of their interaction, a relief that is short lived because Hinata, the clumsy ass bastard, keeps missing that one last damn piece of rice no matter how many times he scrubs his face.

"God, you're an idiot," Kageyama growls and leans over the table, plucking the rice off of Hinata's face. He absently sticks it in his mouth, coming to his senses immediately after when a group of girls passing by with their trays start whispering and giggling loudly. Color crawls up his throat. It must be contagious, too, because Hinata's face is as just as red as his feels. An awkward silence stretches between them. They stop making eye contact and don't speak for the rest of the day.

They are, thankfully, back to normal the next day. At least Hinata is. Kageyama is just about as far from normal as he can get. Later in the week, he’s aware that he’s gotten worse, not better. He starts noticing all these little things about Hintata that make his stomach do that twisty, knotty thing again. Like how Hinata’s wayward hair won’t stay flat at all, even soaked with sweat. Like how he can’t be still for more than three seconds, whether they are standing there listening to Coach or watching tapes of their next opponent, he’s constantly in motion, moving a foot or a hand, rocking his body back and forth. Like how small his hands look holding the ball but how larger than life he seems when he’s flying through the air to meet a toss. Like how the absolute trust he has in Kageyama never wavers, no matter how tough things get, no matter how mad they make each other. Like how quick he is to anger, *especially* when talking to Kageyama, but how he’s even quicker to laugh and smile.

Like how that smile lights up his whole damn face.

Therapy. Obviously Kageyama needs some. Especially after what happens in the locker room. They are changing before practice. Hinata’s facing away from him, chattering with Tanaka about something. Kageyama finishes lacing his shoes, looks up and just freezes. He’s always known how slender Hinata is, but without his clothes on he looks even smaller. His hips are all bone and sharp angles, below a waist so tiny Kageyama is sure he could span the entire thing with his hands. They actually spasm with the sudden need to try it out. For all of that, Hinata’s butt is surprisingly round. It’s when Kageyama is contemplating if that ass is as squishy as it looks that the full weight of his descent into madness hits him.

Practice is a joke after that. The quickstrike fails repeatedly. Kageyama knows his disturbed emotional state is at fault, but in his mind the blame for him being messed up in the first place rests squarely on Hinata’s shoulders.

Never one to mince his words to begin with, his criticisms become downright cutting, but only toward Hinata. He finds fault with everything the other boy does, piling one complaint on top of the other until finally Hinata snaps under the weight of them.

Two hours in, when frustrations are running rampant and tempers high, Hinata rounds on him and grabs him by the shirt. “What’s your problem?”

The confusion and unease and anger vomit forth in a blistering tirade that echoes across the gym. “You’re my problem, dumbass! You aren’t moving fast enough. Your receives are worse than crap. And you hit Coach with your pathetic excuse for a server earlier. If you aren't going to try, then get off the fucking court!”

Other than the first thing, everything else he says is true, but it's also normal for their practices.

Hinata is a still learning the basics. Everyone knows and accepts it. For Kageyama to explode now, after all this time, sends a ripple of unease travelling through the other team members, aside from Tsukishima who just smirks through the whole thing.

Daichi finally has enough and splits them up, putting Hinata on Suga's team. From where he stands, Kageyama watches Hinata soar into the air, slamming down a toss Suga sends toward him. It's not often that they find themselves on opposite sides of the net, and observing that flying leap from the outside makes him acknowledge once again just how amazing his partner is. That acknowledgement gets all tied up with everything else he's feeling and all he can do is brood and stare. Hinata stubbornly tries to ignore him, while he can't look anywhere but at Hinata. Even after taking a serve straight to the side of his head, something that sends Tanaka and Tsukishima into hysterical laughter, his eyes are repeatedly drawn back to Hinata's face like a magnet.

The breaking point comes as they both move to the front, only the net and a couple of feet separating them. Set after set, he's watched Hinata run, dodge and jump, jersey fluttering with each movement, revealing the slim, slightly concave planes of his stomach and a tiny belly button Kageyama has the urge to test with his fingers. That settles it. He has to accept what his emotions have been trying to tell him but his brain has been too stubborn to admit. Since Suga voiced it aloud, he can no longer think of Hinata as anything *other* than cute. Maybe he as all along and just didn't want to face it. He doesn't want to face it now and has no clue how scary he looks at that moment while his turbulent thoughts contort and try to make sense of the whole damn thing. An expression so dark, so black the devil himself would probably back up a step in its presence, twists his otherwise handsome features. Hinata looks over, sees his face and flinches back.

"Yo-you wanna fight?" Hinata's hands come up in a defensive maneuver but his voice cracks and the greenish pallor to his complexion makes it seem like he's five seconds away from acquainting the court with the contents of his stomach.

"Kageyama, you're scaring Hinata!" Suga walks over to stand beside the trembling boy.

Kageyama wants to yell at Suga that if he'd never opened his mouth none of this would be happening in the first place, but now Coach is coming toward them, looking less than pleased with them all. Tamping down his fury, Kageyama turns away, ignoring Tsukishima's sniggers and Daichi's heavy sighs.

That's not the end of it, however. Practice winds down. The other guys make their way to the locker room, the usual camaraderie and casual chatter missing. Too on edge to deal with anyone, he stays over, practicing his serves until he's sure the locker room is empty. Only it's not. He's barely stepped a foot inside before he's jerked around and slammed up against the lockers hard enough to snap his head back, hard enough to make the metal doors behind him shudder.

Apparently Hinata has gotten over his earlier fright because he's pressed up against Kageyama, eyes blazing.

"You're being a jerk, Kageyama! A bigger jerk than normal, and I want to know why."

He's taller and has at least thirty pounds on the other boy so it's easy for Kageyama to knock Hinata off of him.

"Leave me alone," he slaps Hinata's arms away, pushing past him.

Kageyama doesn't get far. Hinata tackles him from behind, sending them both crashing to the floor.

"I'm not finished!"

With a growl, Kageyama rears up, using his larger size to instantly reverse their positions. He really hadn't exerted himself but still he's breathing hard and his heart is trying to jackhammer its way out of his chest. Hinata is staring up at him, face red, looking equal parts angry and scared.

"Why are you mad at me?"

There's a note in Hinata's voice that instantly clears the red mist clouding his mind. Hinata sounds almost … hurt.

"I'm not really mad at you." Releasing him, Kageya sits up. Brushing dark bangs out of his eyes, he avoids looking at Hinata as the other boy slowly picks himself off the floor.

"Well, you're acting like it. And now the senpai are upset with us, too."

"I'll," Kageyama grits his teeth and forces the words out, "I'll apologize to them tomorrow."

"Shouldn't you apologize to me first? I'm the one you've been treating badly."

"I'm … sorry."

He doesn't know who is more surprised by the apology, Hinata or himself. Those golden-brown eyes, already big, go huge. His mouth drops open, but he just as quickly closes it and breaks into a smile.

"Okay," he breathes, "okay then."

"I think you're cute."

"I'm sorry, too, I shouldn't have pushed you but you made me so mad and I was all like *rawr* and you were all *grrr* and I just wanted to like *bam!* knock some sense into you."

"Didn't you hear me? I just said I think you're cute."

Hinata's hand comes up to pat his shoulder like a fond parent would his child. "Yes, thank you, I think you're cute too, when you're not being scary or a jerkface."

"I don't think you understand," Kageyama is starting to get mad again. There are limits to stupidity and Hinata has just blown right past them.

"No, I do," Hinata meets his gaze and that really intense feeling he sometimes gives off is suddenly radiating from his body. Kageyama can actually feel it, and, like always, it sends shivers down his back. "You were freaked out because you like me but it's okay because I like you, too." The intensity fades just as quickly as it appeared and a grin curves his lips. "Most of the time anyway. Sometimes your personality is pretty crappy, and you can be like crazy scary, but also really adorable when you get all happy at a toss or serve."

More confused than ever—did Hinata just call him adorable?—he takes the hand Hinata holds out to him, allowing the other boy to help him to his feet. Kageyama doesn't understand what Hinata is doing when he cranes his head quickly in each direction, but he abruptly gets the hint as Hinata slips strong fingers into the collar of his jersey and jerks his head down.

It's not really a kiss in the true sense of the word, just a hasty brush of lips that is over before it's even begun but they're both blushing as they step apart.

"Like that, right?"

“Y-yeah,” Kageyama has to clear his throat because what comes out as he tries to speak is practically unintelligible. “Uh, I mean yes. I guess, I mean I don’t know …”

But Hinata isn’t listening, already switching gears. “Ahhh, now that that’s over, I’m hungry.” Digging into his pocket, he pulls out some change and starts counting it. Kageyama can tell the exact moment he realizes he doesn’t have enough money for food because his face falls so dramatically anyone else seeing it could be forgiven for thinking he’s just found out his favorite dog has gotten run over.

A rare smile flashes across Kageyama’s face. Hinata catches it and his hands once more shoot out in front of his body.

“What, what are you scheming?” His voice warbles a little.

Jeez, was even his normal smile really that freaking scary? Maybe he should work on that.

“I’m not scheming anything, dumbass. I just thought maybe I might treat you to something but it you don’t want to.” He shrugs nonchalantly, though his heart is beating fast again because isn't this sort of asking Hinata out on a date?

It’s like the sun coming out from behind a bank of clouds. Hinata’s face clears instantly and he jumps on Kageyama, wrapping his legs around the taller boy’s waist.

“Thank you, Kageyama-sama, Kageyama the Great!”

He can feel his face heating again, but there’s no anger at his embarrassment this time, just a strange feeling of happiness. He can't jump through the air like Hinata but apparently there is more than one way to fly.

“Get off me, idiot, so I can get my bag or we won’t be going anywhere.”

“Yes, yes!”

The pair never notice the two people standing in the door, watching the whole spectacle.

“See, I was right,” Suga whispers, holding back a laugh.

Daichi shakes his head. “Yes, you were. I just don’t know if this will make things better or worse for the team.”

“Better,” Suga decides with a grin as Hinata says something to Kageyama that makes him reach out and tweak the shorter boy’s nose, “I definitely think it will be better.”

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